

how many nights does it take to count the stars? by lukeyandlou

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Summary:

Beverly Marsh has heard of this thing called Friendsgiving. It's Thanksgiving, but with the family you chose.

But what happens when the Loser's Club get together on Thanksgiving break during their first year of college and she decides they should each reveal a secret?

how many nights does it take to count the stars?

Author's Note:

Hey guys!

So you're going to have to bare with me here. I literally came up with the concept for this 24 hours ago and wrote this in one sitting with one proofread and no beta reader. But I think it's really cute and I hope you like it! Happy Thanksgiving, friends!

Beverly Marsh loved a lot of things. She loved college, for she loved to be free. She loved walking the Chicago streets after class, loved feeling the breeze in her hair, loved driving on open road. Most of all, she loved her friends. Thanksgiving was here, which meant being back in Maine, and although she did not love Derry, her boys made everything worth it.

When in Chicago, she had spent late nights rambling to her room mate, talking about her family back home. Six boys who were a lot to handle, but she wouldn't have it any other way. Her roommate, then, had told her about something, an idea that made her eyes light up, and the second her roommate had fallen asleep, she stood on the balcony attached to the dorm and called each of them.

"Have you guys ever heard of a Friendsgiving?"

And they hadn't.

"It's Thanksgiving, but with friends," she explained.

That was two weeks prior, when November was fresh, and now the Loser's Club was reunited for the first time since last August. Going home would be a dreaded thing, as no one was exactly excited to step foot in their homes, but being together again made facing the shadows of broken homes quite okay.

There was no household to have their Friendsgiving, so they had settled on the park. A bunch of college kids eating a turkey in the middle of the park on the evening before Thanksgiving? It couldn't

be more *them* .

And now, Beverly was in Ben's kitchen, drawing a heart with frosting on the cake they had baked.

"Do you think the guys will like strawberry cake?" Ben asked her.

"If they don't, sounds like quite a personal problem," she smiled, reaching for the whipped cream. "Strawberry cake is *delicious* ."

"I guess so," Ben smiled, "And besides, they're going to have no choice but to eat it. It's not like we can count on a well cooked turkey. Why would you let Richie and Eddie make it again?"

"Haven't you heard? They're quite the chefs!" she said, "If they don't kill each other before the poor thing even gets the chance to get in the oven."

So Ben and Beverly had gotten in her car and drove to the park, setting the cotton blankets on the grass. Beverly jumped onto the blanket and cuddled into it, letting the grass brush her fingertips as she stretched. Ben looked at her and smiled. They weren't dating anymore, but she was still so very *beautiful* . That, anyone could see.

Stan was the next to arrive, but stopped in his tracks when he saw the cake.

"You've got to be kidding," he said.

"What? Don't like strawberry cake?" Ben asked.

"It's *strawberry* too? I thought I was bringing dessert!"

"Stanley, I said explicitly in the group chat that Ben and I were on dessert duty! Do you even check that thing?" Beverly quirked her head.

"I have it muted because Richie and Eddie's constant bitching at each other kills my phone battery," he sighed, "But I brought a strawberry cake."

"You know what? That's okay! Strawberry cake is fucking beautiful.

I'll eat them both if you guys don't," Beverly said, grabbing Stan's cake and setting it beside the other.

"Come here," Stan surrendered, a smile on his face as the three embraced.

"How's college treating you, Stan the man?" Beverly smiled into his shoulder as she hugged him.

"Like a fucking bitch," he said honestly, "Don't major in accounting, kids. It'll kick your ass."

"I happen to be having the time of my life," she told him, "Maybe you should major in fashion design instead."

"Don't tempt me," he said, "And you, Ben?"

Ben blushed, as if he were hiding something. "Pretty good, Stan. I'd say pretty good."

"Guys!"

Mike had emerged from behind them, placing his bowl on the blanket and pulling the other three into a tight embrace. He closed his eyes tightly, pouring his love for them into the hug. "I've missed you so much."

"I've missed you too, Mikey," Beverly said, "So much dude, like you don't even know. My roommate is probably sick and tired of hearing your names."

"At least you have someone to talk to," Mike sighed, "The sheep are probably tired of hearing your names too."

Mike hadn't gone away for school, because his grandpa had been aging and someone had to be there to look after the farm. It kind of broke their hearts.

"And what's on the menu, Mikey?" Stan asked, "Please tell me it's not a strawberry cake."

"Mashed potatoes!" Mike exclaimed with pride, "Made them myself. I

think they're pretty damn good.”

“I bet they are.”

Bill was behind them, holding a grocery bag behind his back.

“Hey, man!” Ben smiled, and the hugs returned.

“Notice anything different?” Bill asked.

“Haircut?” Mike questioned.

“Nope.”

“The sweater’s new, right?” Stan asked.

“Yes, but that’s not the thing.”

“Oh my god, Bill. Did you get a tattoo?” Beverly gushed.

“You know I’m not cool enough for that,” he laughed.

“Wait, I know!” Ben said, “You haven’t stuttered once.”

“There you go,” Bill smiled in pride. “The speech therapy in California is way better than the speech therapy in Derry. Now, I only stutter when I’m distressed.”

“That’s awesome, man!” Mike smiled, and they all shared their congratulations, before Bill revealed the bag.

“I know I was supposed to bring real food, and I tried making stuffing but it kind of failed,” he offered, pulling out a bag of Doritos. “This is the best I could do.”

“Ah, a delicacy,” Beverly told him, throwing the bag of chips beside the rest. “At least we’re supposed to have turkey.”

“Supposed to,” Ben teased, “Richie and Eddie are making it.”

“Are you serious?” Stan said, “You trusted *them* to make a fucking turkey?”

“Oh, give them a break,” Beverly laughed, “They’re probably quite the experts. You learn a lot of new things in college, you know.”

“Cooking turkey 101, what a course,” Bill said, “But if it was offered, I’m sure Richie would be the first to take it.”

“Of course he would, he always signs up for all the random bullshit classes,” Stan said, “Beside that, where the fuck are they?”

Just as he spoke, they heard voices coming their way.

“This is all your fucking fault. Have you ever learned how to read a box? It said preheat to 325, not any higher than that!”

“I thought that if it was 350, it’d cook faster! We were already running late, Eds.”

“Yeah? And it fucking exploded, you culinary genuis!”

“Relax, we brought the main entree anyway!”

“Pizza for Thanksgiving? Totally normal.”

“When were we normal to begin with?”

“I guess you’ve got a point there.”

“Of course I do. When have I ever been wrong, Spaghetti?”

“Guys!” Beverly called out, and the two turned around, carrying three boxes of pizza.

“Well, well, well, if it isn’t the Loser’s Club back together again!” Richie placed the pizza he was carrying on top of the two Eddie was carrying, running and taking Beverly in his arms. “How are you, gorgeous?”

“Even better now,” she told him.

“Excuse me, asshole, the rest of us are here too!” Stan told him.

“Patience Stanley, I’ll call you gorgeous too!” he said, and when he went to hug him, Stan couldn’t help but smile. He’d never admit it,

but he missed Richie with his whole heart.

“So we’ve got pizza, potatoes, and two strawberry cakes,” Ben said, laughing a bit. “That’s a pretty good combination.”

“And chips!” Bill added.

“And chips,” Ben said.

“Wait a minute,” Mike said, “I brought spoons to go with the potatoes, but did anyone bring plates?”

They were quiet for a moment, looking to each other and shrugging. They couldn’t help but laugh.

“Fucking hell,” Eddie said, “Of course we’d forget.”

“Well, we’ve got the spoons, right? We’ll just all eat out of the bowl,” Richie said.

“I suppose that would work,” Beverly said.

“And did anyone think of bringing some drinks?” Stan asked.

“Way ahead of you there, my dear friend,” Beverly said, reaching for her purse and pulling out a bottle of tequila.

“I kind of meant soda, but okay, guess that works too,” Stan said.

“You guys expect me to drink that nasty shit?” Eddie said, “Do you realize alcohol goes straight to the bloodstream? You realize that, right?”

“I realize that,” Beverly answered, “My bloodstream has had plenty this semester.”

“Relax Eds, you need a shot more than anyone I know,” Richie told him, “And that’s saying something, considering I know Stan too.”

“Oh shut the fuck up,” Stan said, “You remember that I’m an accounting student, right? I need alcohol just to get through midterms without dropping the hell out.”

"I don't know about you guys, but I'm starving," Bill said, "Let's eat!"

"Best idea I've heard all day," Richie said, laying on the blanket on his stomach and kicking his legs up, reaching for a spoon and a slice of pizza.

"Will you move the fuck over, asshole?" Eddie asked, "I can't sit with your long ass legs in the way."

"After all the times we cuddled during sleepovers in high school, you're suddenly going to care about laying over me?" Richie smirked.

Eddie blushed intensely, before fury masked it over. Richie smiled at him in fondness.

"Fine, but if you eat all the pizza I'm kicking your ass," Eddie surrendered, laying beside Richie and letting himself rest against his side.

"That is *adorable* , " Richie said, "I'm like half a foot taller than you, but you might win, because I could never hit you back, Eds. You're just too damn cute."

"Can't say the same about you. Shut up and eat the damn potatoes," Eddie said, and he did.

So they ate, they laughed, and they felt completely normal. Like there had been no five months without seeing each other at all. Like they had been swimming together at the quarry just yesterday. But more importantly, they *drank* . They drank, alright. They drank straight from the bottle, and it was hard to even measure how much they each had.

Eddie had given up, because as much as he pretended not to care what they thought of him, he didn't want to seem boring. He didn't want them to think of their new college friends who would party with them and forget all about boring old Eddie from Derry. More importantly, he cared what Richie thought. He cared what Richie thought a lot. And Richie was getting drunk off his mind, and Eddie

knew he had to catch up.

The first time he brought the bottle to his lips, which he wiped with his shirt first because it had been on six other mouths and that was extremely unsanitary, he nearly spit it out, wondering how in the hell his friends could drink this disgusting shit without as much as a wince. But he had tried again, and again, and it started to go down a little easier each time. He figured it would be okay.

So now, there he was, drunk for the first time, and Richie now had his right arm around Beverly's shoulders, but the fingers of his left hand were intertwined with Eddie's. He was too drunk to pretend it didn't make him feel warm. Warmer than from the tequila in his stomach.

"I'd like to make a toast," Richie announced, a drunken smile on his face. Eddie had tried not to stare, not to allow a smile of his own.

"A toast with what, dumbass? We don't have any drinks to toast with," Stan said.

"A toast from the bottom of my heart, Staniel," Richie said, placing his hand over his chest. "We don't need a drink for that."

"That's literally what a toast is, but okay," Stan said. Usually, Eddie would join Stan, combining forces to tease Richie, but all he could do was laugh and hold his hand tighter.

"Go ahead, Rich. I'd love to hear something from the bottom of your drunk heart," Beverly said.

"Thank you, my lady," he said, "But I just wanted to say that I fucking love you guys, man. Like I really fucking love you guys. When I came out as gay last year, I thought no one would understand me, but you guys accepted me and with you guys is the only time that I felt love. Like, real love, like I'd fucking die for any of you. I mean that shit, okay? If anyone ever breaks your heart, tell me and I will fly over and kick their ass."

"Because you're very threatening, Rich," Stan teased, affectionately.

"Especially you, Eds," he turned, "I'd never let anyone break that

pretty little heart of yours.”

Eddie blushed, and he’s grateful he wasn’t as drunk as Richie was, because he definitely would have said that he was the only one with the power to do that.

“I love you too, Richie,” Mike said, “I love all of you. I never feel like an outsider when I’m with you guys.”

“Okay, enough of the sappy shit,” Bill said, “Only because I don’t feel like crying in front of you.”

“Like you haven’t cried like a bitch in front of us before, Big Bill,” Richie said, “We all remember when your hamster died.”

“Grief is a totally different circumstance,” Bill defended, crossing his arms.

“Alright guys,” Bev said, taking a chip. “I’ve got an idea.”

“And that would be?” Ben asked.

“We’ve all been to college a few months now, and of course we’ve been talking but we haven’t been *talking*. We don’t know the deep shit going on with each other since last August. So I say we all share one secret. But it’s got to be a good one.”

“I’m down for that,” Richie said, taking a sip of water to lessen his drunkenness, only because he knows Ben would murder him if he throws up on his blanket. “I’d love to hear some juicy shit from my favorite people in the world.”

“The most sober person should share first,” Beverly said, “Who’s that? Eddie?”

“That’s where you’re wrong, darling,” Richie said, “Have you seen his eyes? He’s almost as far gone as me.”

“No I’m not!” Eddie defended, “That’s just my face. I’m not going on drunken love confession rants like you.”

“Eddie my love, I spend an awful lot of time looking at your face and

I know how your eyes look sober. You're gone," Richie said.

Eddie pouted, and Richie affectionately poked his cheek, Eddie slapping his hand away. But he secretly hoped he would do it again.

"I think it's me," Ben said, "I only drank a little bit. I'll go first."

"I'm dying to hear it, Ben," Beverly said, a shine in her intoxicated eyes.

"Okay," he said, taking a pause and a deep breath, "So, like, as of Halloween, I'm not a virgin anymore."

"You're lying," Stan said, holding his hand up to his mouth.

"I'm truthoring," Ben sighed.

"No fucking way!" Beverly cheered, throwing her hands around Ben. "I am so proud of you!"

"Who was it?" Bill asked, taking another sip of tequila.

"A girl from my literature class," he said, shyly, "We became friends back in the first week of the school, and she writes poetry like me. We might be dating or something."

"Wait, hold on a fucking minute," Richie said, "You're telling me that you dated someone as beautiful as Beverly fucking Marsh and you never banged? Sounds like bullshit to me. I thought you guys fucked every week."

"Beep beep, Richie," Beverly rolled her eyes. "I didn't want to, and being the gentleman Ben here is, he never pushed it."

"Well, in that case, thank you Benjamin for taking care of my dear sister here. Your services will forever be appreciated and I am more than happy that you are boning now."

"What about you, Rich? Met any guys lately?" Mike asked.

Eddie's face went pale, and he prayed that nobody noticed. He suddenly felt sick to his stomach, and it wasn't from the tequila. He

pulled his hand away from Richie, moving to excuse himself so he didn't have to hear this, but Richie only tightened his grip around his fingers.

"Nah, I'm still a virgin. *Shocking*, I know. I know damn well any guy would want a taste of this trashmouth, but I actually don't want to sleep with someone when I love someone else," Richie answered.

Eddie felt even *more* sick at that. Richie loved someone. Someone who wasn't him.

"Sounds like bullshit to me," Stan said, "It's probably because no one would put up with your shit."

"That much is true," Richie laughed, a hint of nervousness. "But that's enough about me. Bill, how's your girl and when do I get to meet her?"

"Oh, she's wonderful," Bill smiled, "Maybe I can bring her around Christmas break. She hears a lot about you guys and really wants to meet you. That is, if you don't embarrass the fuck out of me, Trashmouth."

"Oh, you know I have to, Billy boy. I bet she'd love the hamster story," Richie told him.

"And that story would warm her heart," Beverly said, "But speaking of girls, that's where my secret comes around."

The boys all turned to her, giving her their full undivided attention, an excited smile on Richie's face as he had an idea of what she was about to say.

"So, the reason Ben and I didn't sleep together when we were together is because, to be blunt, I don't like dick. When I graduated, I came to this realization, and that was absolutely liberating because now I think I just might have a girlfriend?"

"Fuck yeah!" Richie cheered, throwing his arms around her and snuggling his face into her shoulder. "Thank God I'm not the only gay around here!"

Eddie wished he could say that they aren't the only gay people either. But he wasn't drunk enough for that yet.

Foolishly, he sipped a little more tequila.

"I'm so proud of you, Beverly," Mike told her.

"We all are," Bill told her, and they all took turns giving her a hug.

"So many hugs today, and I'm fucking living for it," Richie said, "And what about you, Eds? You into someone?"

"No," he answered, a little too quickly. "No one."

"Eddie, I've known you since I was a kid, and I know damn well when you're lying," Richie said.

"The answer is no, Rich," he answered, a little too defensively, "Now drop it."

"Oh, I'll get it out of you one way or another," Richie smirked, "I've got to know who owns the heart of my dear Eds."

"I've got something," Mike interrupted, seeing the discomfort on Eddie's face and wanting to save him from it. "I don't have a girlfriend yet, or a boyfriend for that matter, but I might get one soon. I applied to go to college next year. In Florida."

"Mike, that's amazing!" Bill said, bright smiles on their faces.

"That makes me so happy for you, Mikey!" Ben said, his hand on Mike's shoulder.

"More hugs? I think more hugs," Richie said, hugging Mike tightly, the rest of them following him.

"I had a talk with my grandfather, and he said he doesn't want me to not follow my dreams because of the farm. He said the farm would be okay, and I can go out there and get a degree. Get out of this damn town. He said it'd be okay, so I applied," Mike said.

"I know you'll get in," Stan assured him, "Of course you will."

“What are you gonna major in?” Eddie asked.

“Not sure. I think I’m going to take different types of classes and see what fits for me,” Mike answered.

“Just don’t do fucking accounting class,” Stan said, “Trust me on that. It’ll kick your ass.”

“If accounting sucks so bad, why don’t you change majors?” Bill asked.

“I don’t know, dude,” Stan sighed. “Alright, I’ll be honest. Wanna hear my secret? Life fucking sucks. I don’t know what’s gonna happen, and honestly, I’m scared. I don’t know if I can take being an adult. It’s hard. And I’ve never told anyone, but I’m pretty scared.”

“I feel you, Stan,” Eddie said. “I don’t know what the hell I’m doing at all. I’m still undeclared major, and I’m taking a bunch of different classes but nothing fits. I feel like I’m never gonna know what to do with my life at all, what direction to go in, and that scares me too.”

Stan sighed, squeezing Eddie’s shoulder. “I guess we’ll have to figure it out together, right?”

“Right,” Eddie said.

“Is that your only secret, Eddie?” Beverly asked.

“Yes,” he answered instantly.

“No, it’s not,” Richie said, “Eds has a *crush* on someone. And I need to hear all about it.”

“I don’t have a fucking crush, Richie.”

“Stop the lies, Eduardo. I need to hear it now.”

Eddie was starting to get scared. He was scared, because he was drunk and cornered and a little bit pissed. He knew it was going to come out. He would try to push it away.

“I’m not lying, Richie!”

But it wasn't going to work. Not when he was this drunk.

"Come on Eddie, just tell me!"

"Richie, leave him alone," Stan said, "He doesn't want to tell anyone. Just leave him alone."

It was going to come out.

"Eddie, please. You're like, my favorite person in the world and I need to make sure you're safe."

Here it goes.

"Fine, Richie, fucking fine," he snapped, pulling his hand away from Richie's. "You know why I don't want to tell anybody? Because it's you. I'm fucking in love with *you*, Richie, and I didn't want to tell you because you love someone else. You want to be with someone else. Are you happy now?"

As soon as his words came out, Eddie began to shake. Oh no.

Everything was ruined now.

The group was silent, some of their gazes on Eddie, some on Richie, and some to the floor. Richie, with a raspy voice, spoke up.

"Eds-"

But as soon as he spoke, Eddie stood up, and he ran. He ran through the park grass towards the bathroom, strings of tears running down his cheeks. He ran inside the bathroom, closing himself in the stall, and not even caring about how disgustingly dirty this bathroom was. Maybe because he was drunk, maybe because he was heartbroken. Maybe both. Either way, he tucked his face to his knees and cried.

A few moments later, he heard frantic footsteps finding their way to the bathroom, and he prayed it was one of the others and not Richie. Anyone but Richie. To his dismay, no one other than Richie ran into the bathroom, sliding down beside him. He didn't bother to look up from his knees.

“Eddie?” Richie said, his voice uncharacteristically gentle. “Eds, look at me.”

“Leave me alone, Richie,” Eddie said from a muffled voice, the knees of his jeans beginning to get wet with tears. “You don’t have to feel sorry for me. You can go.”

“Eddie, look at me,” Richie repeated, and Eddie would rather do anything in the world over looking at him. But he had done enough, and he owed Richie at least that. He looked up.

“I’m not here because I feel sorry for you,” Richie said.

“Bullshit,” Eddie said, “You’re here because I’m your best friend and you feel obligated. You don’t love me. You love someone else, someone at your college. You said so yourself. You couldn’t love me back.”

“Eddie, when did I say I love someone at my college?” Richie replied, hesitantly taking Eddie’s hands in his own. As much as Eddie wanted to pull away, he couldn’t.

“You said you love someone else. You said you haven’t slept with anyone because you love someone,” Eddie said.

“If it was someone at my college, don’t you think I would’ve been able to just be with them there?” Richie asked.

Richie was being too serious, not a joke in sight, and it was started to scare Eddie.

“I don’t know,” Eddie answered shyly.

“Eddie, I never told you this because I never thought in a million years you’d be into me. I was too scared to even ask if you were into boys at all, but I figured that even if you were, you’d never choose me. But you know that person I love, the person I love so much that I couldn’t bring myself to sleep with anyone else? It’s you, Eds. That person is you.”

Eddie paused, looking away from Richie for a second before turning back, locking their eyes. Richie moved one of his hands from Eddie’s,

using it to cup Eddie's cheek.

"I love you, Eddie. I love you. I always have. Do you understand?"

Eddie began to shake again. "B-But-"

"No buts," Richie said. "You, Eddie Kaspbrak, are my favorite person in the entire world. I could not think of a better person to be in love with."

Eddie hesitated, still trying to convince himself that this was real. But he brought his hand up to place it over Richie's which was over his cheek, looking into his deep brown eyes, and he knew it was.

"Oh my God."

Richie scooted over, and before Eddie could whimper at the loss of touch, he sat beside Eddie and pulled him into his arms, resting his chin on top of Eddie's head and intertwining their fingers once more.

"I love you, Eddie. It feels so good to say it," Richie said, "I'd say it forever, if I could."

"You're drunk," Eddie reminded him.

"Maybe, and maybe that's why I'm not scared shitless right now," Richie told him, "But I mean it. I've meant it since we were in the seventh grade. I could never love someone else, and I thought you'd never love me back. So I just stayed alone."

Eddie tightened his grip on Richie's hand. "Me too."

"How could you think I wouldn't be into someone as cute as you?" Richie said, pinching Eddie's cheek.

For once, Eddie did not swat him away.

"Stop," Eddie smiled.

They stayed there for a little bit, melting into each other's touch as Richie stroked over Eddie's fingers. Eddie closed his eyes, cuddling his face into Richie's chest, listening to his heartbeat.

Everything would be okay, it seemed. He was much less drunk and much less afraid.

“Maybe we should get back to the others now,” Eddie said, “Because I am now sober enough to remember how fucking disgusting sitting on this floor is.”

Richie laughed. “Even I’ve got to agree with you there. Let’s go.”

Richie carefully stood, frowning at the loss of Eddie’s warmth. He reached down his hand and helped him up, and they walked back to the group, hand in hand.

Their friends were laying on the grass now, gazing at the stars. Richie and Eddie joined them, laying beside them for them all to form a circle, and Eddie rested his head on Richie’s chest. Beverly looked to them and smiled, and none of them asked any questions. They knew well enough.

“I forgot how beautiful the stars are out here,” Beverly said. “You can’t see them as much in the city.”

“Yeah,” Mike said, “They’re the one thing in this town I’m going to miss. Other than you guys, of course.”

Stan turned toward him, a warm smile on his face. “That’s the thing, though. We can miss the stars, but we don’t have to miss each other. We don’t have to miss each other, because we’ll always have each other. No matter how far we’ll live. We’re the only thing in my life that I know I’ll always have. That I know for certain.”

“That’s deep, Staniel,” Richie said, but he smiled, “But you’re right. You’re fucking right.”

And they all knew he was. The stars were aligned, all in the places they were supposed to be and it looked nothing short of beautiful. That was how they were, they supposed. The seven of them shined on their own, but together, they were aligned. They were beautiful, and they were together, and they always would be.

Even more than a family.

They stared at the stars a while more, talking about the world and everything in between, and then the late night began to creep up on them. They parted ways, only for the night of course. The next day, they'd be dining with the family they were given. But that night? They were with the family they had chose.

"We should get together again Friday, before we all fly back for finals," Eddie said.

"Of course I'm down," Beverly smiled, "You guys?"

They all nodded in agreement.

"Good. Because it's not just that I need to see you guys again," Eddie said, and he looked down at Richie's hand in his, smiling up at him. "But I really want to get drunk again."

They all laughed, and with that, hugged and exchanged I love you's and went to their separate cars. Richie and Eddie had come in the same car as they were supposed to cook the turkey together, so Eddie jumped into Richie's front seat.

"Eds?" Richie asked.

"Yeah, Rich?"

"Are you sober now?"

"I'm pretty sure I am. Why?"

"I didn't want to do this when we were drunk. It didn't feel right. We had to feel this all the way. I had to do it when I knew for sure I'd remember."

"Do what?"

And Richie leaned in, holding Eddie's face and pulling it close to him, and he kissed him.

Eddie was surprised at first, but within seconds reached to hold onto Richie's shirt and he kissed him back.

They kissed for a while, in the parking lot of the city park with remnants of tequila still in their breath, but with their hands on each other and playing with each other's hair, they didn't care. That all made it perfect. After a while they pulled away, and Eddie looked at Richie in fondness, his lips red and in a dazed smile.

He'd have to thank Beverly's roommate for this Friendsgiving thing.

Author's Note:

Say hi to me on Twitter! I'm @xreddieX